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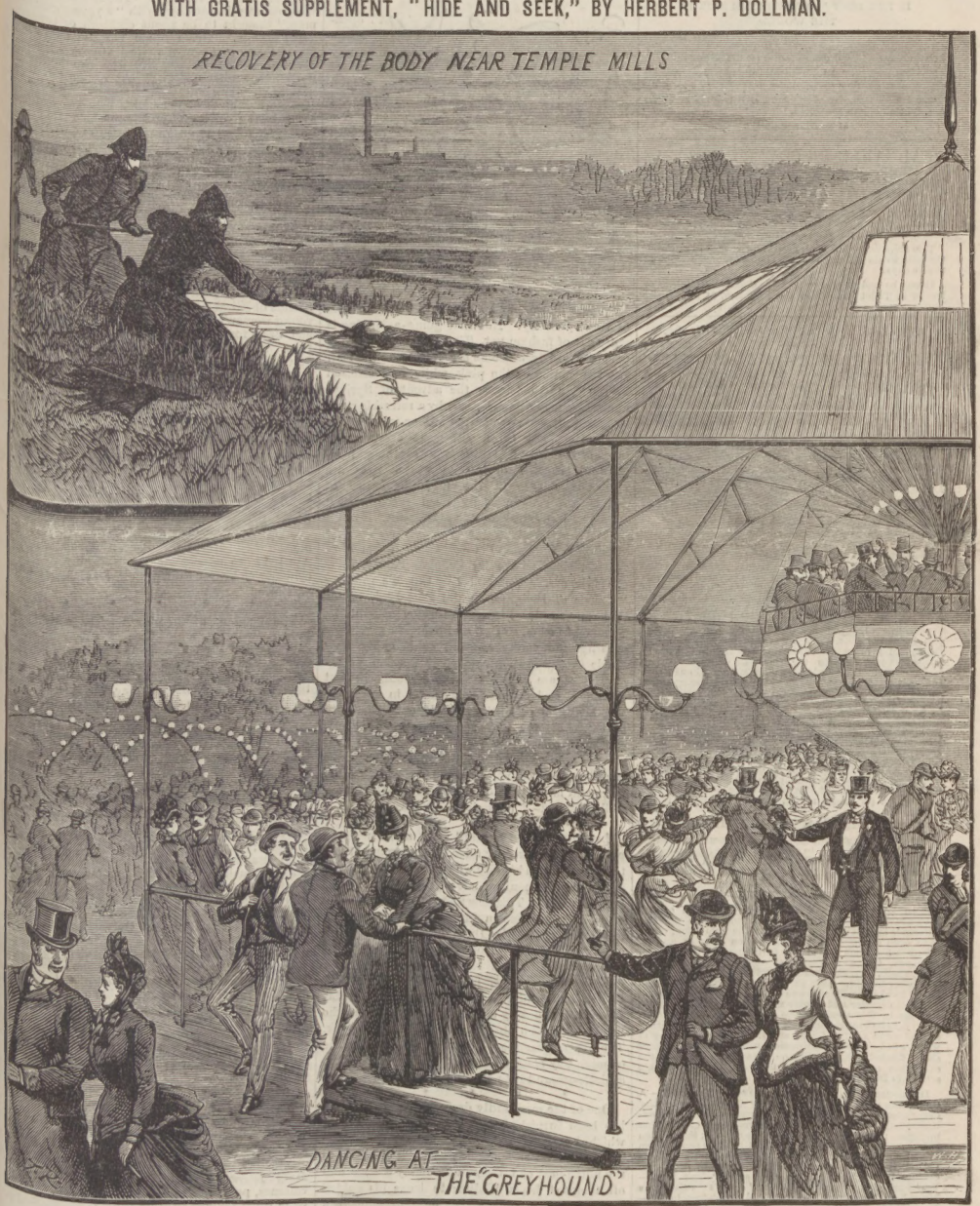
WITH GRATIS SUPPLEMENT, "HIDE AND SEEK," BY HERBERT P. DOLLMAN.




SAD EAST LONDON MYSTERY: A DANCE AT THE GREYHOUND GARDENS, AND "FOUND DROWNED" NEAR LEA BRIDGE.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. — MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once. It produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is perfectly harmless, and very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

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The FRAGRANT FLORILINE removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke.

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VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER; for it will positively restore, in every case, grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promotes the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed.

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days.

It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

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### AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY.

The American papers contain particulars of the murder of the wife and three children of an English farmer named Haller, during his absence on the night of April 17 from his home in Calhoun County, West Virginia, about forty miles from Charlestown. Haller, who recently emigrated from Staffordshire, was absent on the day of the murder disposing of stock, and returned home at midnight accompanied by a man named Tweed. They saw a light in the window, and on looking in were horrified to see Mrs. Haller and the three children lying dead on the floor and four strange men plundering the room. Haller was with difficulty restrained from rushing in on the murderers; but following Tweed's advice, he proceeded to the back-door of the house and made a noise. The murderers thereupon rushed out at the front-door and were shot down by Tweed—two being killed, and two seriously wounded. On one of them was found property stolen from the house valued at 170 dollars.

### A BIG GUN.

General Maitland, of the Ordnance Department of the War Office, speaking at the annual dinner of the foremen engineers, held in the Cannon-street Hotel last Saturday night, said he had just designed a gun of twenty-four tons on Mr. Longridge's wire principle, which had recently been fired at Shoeburyness, the projectile being 380 lb., the range 21,000 yards (or twelve miles), and the velocity 360 ft. per second.

### FORMIDABLE SPRING BIRDS.

Messrs. Scott and Co., shipbuilders, Greenock, received instructions on Saturday to construct for the Admiralty two first-class gun-boats, each of 850 tons, and fitted with engines of 1250-horse power. They will be named the Thrush and Sparrow.

Irish Exhibition in London.—The executive council have decided to give special prominence to the women's industries section in connection with the exhibition, which is to open at Olympia, Kensington, on June 4; and an influential council of ladies, including the Duchess of Abercorn, Countess Aberdeen, Countess Beotive, Lady Arthur Hill, Mrs. Ernest Hart, and Mrs. Horne Payne, is now being formed. Both throughout England and Ireland ladies' local committees are to be arranged, whose object it will be to gather and supply articles of every description for sale in this section. The architectural skill of Mr. Birch is to be brought into play; and an old Irish street or market scene will be built; and the attendants, many of whom will be ladies of distinction, will sell at these mimic shops, dressed in appropriate costumes. The profits of the exhibition are to be devoted to the industrial training schools in Ireland.

Disordered Stomach and Bilious Attacks.—A Gentleman writes:—"Dec. 27, 1887. After twelve months' experience of the value of the 'Vegetable Moto' I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt.'—Yours gratefully, One who Knows." Eno's "Vegetable Moto," of all Chemists. Price 1s. 1½d.; post-free, 1s. 3d.—Eno's Fruit Salt Works, London, S.E.—[Advt.]

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor of The Penny Illustrated Paper should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

The Penny Illustrated Paper,

*SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1888.*

## OUR LONDON LETTER.

MAY opened with a balmy burst of Spring that made men turn from the dry debates of Parliament to seasonable essays on the May-blossoms, May-pole dances, and Jack-in-the-Green revels of times gone by. Not that going-a-Maying is quite out of fashion yet. There are cheery spirits who still yearly welcome the return of the leaf, and the coming of the pink, white, and crimson blossoms, and celebrate the advent of Spring, habitually tardy now-a-days, by a refreshing and invigorating saunter along familiar green lanes, where the lofty trees will meet overhead in Summer-time, and there is a soothing hush grateful, indeed, to people whose lives are spent as a rule in the madding crowd of London life. We sadly need more garden pleasures in the heart of the Metropolis. I fancy that the Prince of Wales, in throwing out the admirable suggestion that every quarter of London should have its People's Palace, after the style of Sir Edmund Hay Currie's growing "Palace of Delight" in the East-End, meant that an ample Pleasure-Garden should be attached to each, so that on Spring and Summer evenings the young and old could enjoy their Music in the open air in their London Volksgarten, where home influences would be but extended, and families commingle in agreeable and healthful recreation. It is only necessary to think of the increasing number of tragic deaths in this overcrowded city, and to reflect on the causes of most of these lamentable fatalities, to be convinced of the urgent demand of more and more Recreation Palaces and Gardens—well managed—for London's Five Millions.

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Lord Randolph Churchill gave another signal proof that he is keenly alive to the wants of the times and of this big city when he heartily encouraged the movement for a fresh recreation-ground for Paddington. This new pleasure-park, covering some twenty acres in Maida-vale, was opened last Saturday by the Duke of Cambridge in his hearty style. The beauty of it is that not only does the Paddington Recreation-ground offer facilities for cricket, cycling, running, lawn-tennis, and athletics, but this oasis in Maida-vale was laid out by a large number of men who would have been unemployed without this work. The big programme of sport carried out on the opening day clearly proved what a boon this free athletic-ground is to the neighbourhood.

* * * * *

One of the most sadly dramatic stories London has been furnished with for some time is that which has been named "The Lea Mystery." The little river which winds through meadows to the north-east of London, and many a time and oft tempted Izaak Walton to leave his gabled house in Fleet-street on an angling jaunt, is a treacherous stream. A row on its waters is pleasant enough; but a capsize on the Lea is frequently fatal. Not many hundred yards from the banks of the river, and close to the Lea Bridge Railway Station of the Great Eastern line, are situated the Greyhound pleasure-gardens. Attached to the Greyhound tavern are the fairly extensive grounds, with the large dancing-platform in the centre, and the usual shrubs and trees, arbours, and refreshment bars around. There is a sprightly band in the orchestra. The active M.C., introduced into the Illustration of the Greyhound Gardens, seems to have the visitors well under control. It was in these gardens, on Saturday evening, April 21, that the victim of "The Lea Mystery" was first seen in company with "a young gentleman," thought to be about eighteen or twenty years of age. Mr. William Gill, manager of the adjoining Carmen's Rest Coffee-house, says he saw "him dancing with the deceased until about nine o'clock." At a quarter-past nine, Gill observed that the poor girl had fainted, and by direction of his mistress carried her into the coffee-house, where she revived in a quarter of an hour, "evidently having taken brandy and snuff," as the witness added. Remonstrated with for not attending to his faint companion, the young man replied, "I know nothing about her." But he appears to have danced with her again subsequently, when she again fainted, and her partner ran away. Gill went on to say that when the lamps were being put out at the Dancing Gardens, the girl walked out of the grounds, and entered the public-house, in an intoxicated condition, with two young men, in company with whom she afterwards walked up the road. Nearly a week elapsed before the friends of Elizabeth Ann Smith—for that was the young woman's name—learnt that her dead body had been found in a backwater of the River Lea. The circumstances of the discovery are described on another page, where it is also stated that two men, named George Anthony and Charles Contor, are under remand on the fearful charge of complicity in the murder of the deceased. It is altogether a touching tale of real life. Elizabeth Smith, aged twenty-five, was a machinist, residing at 33, Hemsworth-road, Hoxton, her father being a respectable builder; and she was engaged to a young carpenter, named Steel, who had not seen her on the fatal Saturday night. It at present appears as if she may accidentally have fallen into the water. Be the cause of death what it may, it behoves the young man who danced with Elizabeth Smith on the evening of April 21 to appear in court, and give such evidence as he can with a view to elucidate this mystery.

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The Leaders of London Society will, it is to be sincerely hoped, exert themselves to support the Royal Italian Opera season of Mr. Augustus Harris at Covent-Garden in no half-hearted fashion. Acknowledged master of the difficult art of *mise-en-scène*, Mr. Harris will mount the favourite operas with a perfection and grandeur which will certainly enhance their attractiveness to the musical public generally. But the swells will not only have to subscribe liberally for boxes and stalls, but promptly *pay for them*, if Mr. Harris is to find his courageous and costly enterprise remunerative.

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Mr. Augustus Harris opens his Royal Italian Opera season at Covent-Garden on Monday night, May 14; and will judiciously rely upon the lyric dramas which are beyond doubt the most popular, such as "Carmen" and "Faust," "La Traviata" and "Lohengrin," "Don Giovanni" and "Il Trovatore." Signor Mancinelli and Signor Randegger will be the Conductors; and the colossal Royal Italian Opera Company will comprise the Queen's favourite songstress, Madame Albani-Gye, Mesdame Nordica, Valleria, Minnie Hauk, Trebelli, Arnoldson; Messrs. Reszké, Del Puente, Ravelli, Lassalle, Cotogni, and Novaro; and the estimable chief of the London Academy of Music, Professor Wilde, will, no doubt, be deeply interested in the début of a talented pupil of his, Miss M'Intyre, who is to play Michaela to Madame Nordica's Carmen. Trust Katti Lanner to look after the brilliancy of the ballet.

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A work to read: Mr. W. Beatty Kingston's chatty, interesting, and valuable new work, "A Wanderer's Notes"—being bright reminiscences of his rambles round the world as one of the most entertaining Special Correspondents of the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Kingston's two readable volumes, published by Chapman and Hall, should be in great request at every library.

London is forcibly reminded just now that of the painting of pictures there is no end. Sir Coutts Lindsay's new collection at the Grosvenor Gallery is chiefly notable for Millais's hurried portrait of Sir Arthur Sullivan; for the glowing colour of Mr. John R. Reid's bold painting of "Smugglers—Cornwall Sixty Years Ago" (59); the dramatic force of Mr. W. E. F. Britten's "Shipwrecked Huguenots" (30); the brilliancy of Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Rainbow" (157); and the restful calm of Mr. David Murray's "Shine and Shower" (166); whilst theatre-goers will look with interest upon the portrait of the fair lady who supplanted Miss Fortescue—Mr. P. Bigland's likeness of the Countess of Cairns (50). We have next to see what the secessionists from the Grosvenor are going to do at the New Gallery in Regent-street.

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When I dropped into the Royal Academy on Wednesday, Press-View day, Harry Furniss was indefatigably sketching away for *Punch*; and I have no doubt his grotesque skits will convey to thousands the best idea of this year's exhibition. Which is the best picture? Well, the most talked-of painting, I guess, will be Alma Tadema's lustrous masterpiece (298), "The Roses of Heliogabalus," with the guests smothered in rich red roses—a ripe suggestion for a new Alhambra or Empire Ballet. But, after feasting one's eyes on the gorgeous beauty of this Syrian scene, there is a pleasure of another kind in appreciating the sweet loveliness of Sir John Millais' fair Scottish landscape, "Murthey Moor, Perthshire" (292), which has an abiding and restful charm. This pair, and "Her Mother's Voice" (288)—a touching drawing-room story told with infinite tenderness by Orchardson—will be among the most admired pictures in this year's Academy, the portraits and other chief features of which shall be referred to next week.

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Parliament's common-sense triumphed on Wednesday, and Sir John Lubbock's grandmotherly Early Closing Bill was rejected by the good round majority of 183.

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The Military Tournament being now one of the most successful of annual fixtures, why should not the grand Naval and Military Bazaar, which is being energetically organised by Sir George Hayter Chubb, also become a popular yearly institution? This will certainly be one of the most attractive Fancy Fairs of the London Season. Ladies of high degree and of great beauty are to hold stalls at this remarkable Union-Jack Bazaar, the profits of which are to go to the establishment of Homes of Recreation for our gallant Soldiers and Sailors in all our ports and garrison towns throughout the British Empire. The fact that the Princess of Wales will open the Naval and Military Bazaar at the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole on May the 17th, will give the affair the best start possible. I wish, cordially wish, Sir George Chubb all success in his unselfish and laudable undertaking.

[*Town Edition.*] PHILIP.

## IRISH EVICTIONS.

The Irish Sketch we print indicates the expedients sometimes adopted to warn threatened Irish tenants of the coming of callous Sheriffs. A scout, it will be seen, gives the alarm. That inconsiderate eviction cannot now be perpetrated, however, with impunity, even in Ireland, is a promising sign of the times. At Skibbereen Quarter Sessions, Denis McCarthy, of Bantry, was mulcted in the full penalty of £20, at the suit of the Scholl Board of Guardians, for evicting a tenant named O'Brien, at Goleen, without serving due notice on the relieving officer. O'Brien's mother, an aged woman, had to remain on the roadside all night, we learn with regret. It is Irishmen's inhumanity to Irishmen and Irishwomen which has to be cured ere these savage evictions can be stopped.

## MURDER OF MR. DALGLEISH.

A Simla telegram last Monday brought the sad news that Mr. A. Dalgleish, the well-known Central Asian traveller, had been shot by a Pathan near the Karakoram Pass while on his way to Yarkand. His body is being brought to Leh for burial.

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## Queen: Court: Fashion.

The Queen, after taking leave of the Emperor Frederick, whom her Majesty had frequently visited during her stay at Charlottenburg, and whose state was far more satisfactory than it had been some days ago, left Charlottenburg on April 26 with the Royal party for the station, where the Queen took leave of the Empress of Germany, the Crown Prince and Princess, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, Prince Henry, and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, and the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet and the members of the British Embassy were also present.

The Queen arrived at Flushing at 8 a.m., and embarked upon the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert (Captain Fullerton), and crossed to Port Victoria.

Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, on the Friday evening of last week arrived at Windsor Castle. The Queen was visited on Saturday by Princess Christian; on Sunday, by the Prince of Wales; and on Monday, by the Marquis of Salisbury, who dined with the Queen, and slept at the Castle.

By command of the Queen a Levée was held on Monday afternoon at St. James's Palace by the Prince of Wales on behalf of her Majesty. Presentations to his Royal Highness at this Court are by the Queen's pleasure considered as equivalent to presentations to her Majesty.

The remains of the late M. Joseph Julius Kanné, Director of the Queen's Continental Journeys, were interred on Monday at Brompton Cemetery, in the presence of his relatives and friends. Among the mourners were the Prince of Wales, General Sir H. F. Ponsonby (who represented the Queen), Sir John Cowell, Major Bigge, Sir Francis Knollys, General Teesdale, Major-General Ellis, Colonel Clarke, Lord Colville of Culross, the Hon. H. Tyrrwhitt Wilson, Dr. Vintras, and the Hon. Ralph Dutton. M. Kanné, who was an Austrian, was seventy years of age.

The Prince of Wales went on Monday night to the Strand to see "Katti," and Mr. Burnand's very amusing burlesque "Airey Annie," in which Miss Margaret Ayrtoun mimics Mrs. Bernard Beere so cleverly.

The Empress of Austria, accompanied by Archduchess Valérie and Princess Gisela of Bavaria, arrived at Vienna from Munich on Sunday, and drove at once to the Imperial villa at Lainz, where her Majesty intends to spend the next few weeks.

By command of the Queen the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will give a special performance of Sullivan's "The Golden Legend" under the direction of the composer, at the Royal Albert Hall next Tuesday afternoon, at four o'clock. Her Majesty has signified her intention to be present at the performance.

The Emperor of Germany on Monday received General Von Winterfeld and the head of the Civil Cabinet, Herr Von Wilmowsky, who last week celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the public service. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden dined at Charlottenburg Palace, after which the two latter bade the Royal family farewell, preparatory to their departure for Carlsruhe.

President Carnot has done well—in face of the vague Boulanger demonstrations—to consolidate the French Republic by undertaking a provincial tour in France.

President Carnot attended a banquet given in his honour at Bordeaux on Saturday. In replying to the toast of his health, the President said that the sympathy shown him was in itself a protest against everything which could encourage the enemies of the Republic.

Admiral Ryder (who had suffered from insomnia) was drowned in the Thames on Monday afternoon by falling off the Vauxhall Pier, where he was waiting for a steamer to take a trip on the river.

The fall of a race-course stand on Tuesday near Colchester, caused the death of three men, and severe injuries to others.

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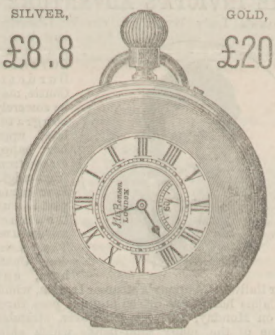

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## OUR SUPPLEMENT.

### "HIDE AND SEEK."

INDEED to Goodness," as our Welsh friends say, the mild breath of Spring is welcome. We are grateful for it. Genial weather drives our thoughts countrywards. It makes every citizen long for a ramble amid the hedgerows gemmed with fresh green leaflets, with here and there a tree bursting into pink and white blossoms. It impels us to issue as our Spring Supplement an Engraving of Mr. Herbert P. Dollman's charming rural drawing, "Hide and Seek." For one who has been for long months in city pent there is no holiday more renovating in Spring than a visit to an old English Farm-house, where the healthy, brown-faced farmer welcomes you with true English heartiness, and smilingly takes you round his broad acres. Happy is the holiday-maker who, under these pleasant circumstances, chances to witness such a scene as that which Mr. Dollman has so felicitously, and with a touch of genius, depicted. The little dog Snap and the girl hiding behind the haystack are realised for our benefit, it will be allowed, with the sympathetic and faithful hand of a Briton Rivière. We hope before the close of the year to be able to present our readers with many more such pictures of English life.

## THE INVICTA'S ADVENTURE.

ENGLAND'S Lady Bountiful, the kind-hearted and benevolent Baroness Burdett-Coutts, may be sincerely congratulated upon her happy escape from what might have been a perilous Channel adventure. The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company's steamer Invicta, which left Calais harbour at fifteen minutes past three p.m. on Monday, April 23, for Dover, stranded on one of the many sand-banks which skirt Calais harbour. The captain tried to clear her by passing to the westward of the pier, but here the vessel struck again, and became more hopelessly fast than before. From that time until nearly midnight the vessel lay on the sands, the hull bumping continually on the bottom and drifting gradually in-shore. As the tide rose there was a very heavy ground swell, which caused her to roll a good deal. The Invicta gradually drifted broadside on the shore. Towards high water the Wave, another mail-packet, came out and tried to tow the vessel off. A boat was sent off from the Invicta to the Wave, but she was struck by a sea and capsized, there being a heavy rolling swell, although there was not much wind. One of the occupants of the boat, a French seaman, was drowned. The Wave was obliged to return to harbour. The water gradually fell off until the vessel was left high and dry on the sands. The passengers, including Baroness Burdett-Coutts, left the ship by a ladder over the side, and walked a long distance across the sands to the railway station or to the hotel, as shown in our Illustration from the sketch of one of the inconvenienced voyagers. Many efforts were made to shift the Invicta, and these were at length successful; but we trust the Calais authorities will see the necessity of removing the dangerous sand-banks that imperil steamers entering or leaving their ancient port.

The steam-tugs, which had for nearly a week been towing each side at the Invicta, succeeded in getting the vessel off Calais sands last Sunday afternoon. The strong south-westerly wind which sprang up during Saturday night proved of the utmost value, by shifting the sand which had accumulated round the steamer. A large number of people assembled to witness the operations, and a cheer was raised when the vessel was seen to move off at half-past one o'clock. The vessel was towed into Calais harbour about three o'clock. She has sustained no material damage, notwithstanding the severe weather she has encountered.

## AN EAST-END MYSTERY.

NO occurrence in the East-End of London for some time past has occasioned so painful an interest as the tragedy which has followed a Saturday night revel in a popular suburban dancing garden.

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The story is sad and simple. A respectable-looking woman applied to Mr. Hannay, at Worship-street Police-Court, on Wednesday week, for his assistance in making public the fact that her daughter, a young woman, twenty-five years of age, had disappeared under suspicious circumstances. The applicant, who gave her name as Smith, of 33, Hemsworth-street, Hoxton, said that the daughter in question went on Saturday night (April 21) to a dance in the neighbourhood of the Lea river, and did not return at night, though expected.

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Inspector Bond, with Detective-Inspector Helson and Sergeant Vagg, all of the J Division, found that the young woman, who worked as a machinist in the Kingsland-road, was accompanied to the Greyhound tavern, Lea-bridge—where open-air dancing on a platform, after the model of the old Eagle tavern, takes place—by a well-dressed man, who is described in slang as a "toff." Whilst in the gardens (sketched by our Artist), she was seized with some sort of a fit, and was found, in a bad state, sitting on the doorstep of a coffee-shop, which was kept by a Mr. Martin. He says that he took her in, and believed she had been drugged; but she revived in his house, and seems to have used some strong language with regard to a person she spoke of. When she left the coffee-shop, she returned to the Greyhound, and later on was seen by some women with some labouring men going across the mill fields.

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These fields are intersected by some of the back-waters of the River Lea, and here on the Friday morning the police, who had been dragging the cuttings the day previously, discovered the dead body of the missing young woman. The first discovery, which led to the dragging of the spot, was that of a broken umbrella, on the path by the waters. At twenty minutes past five the body was brought to the surface, and soon after removed by Sergeant Hatley, J division, to the mortuary at the old Townhall, Hackney. There, during the day, it was identified by Mr. Smith, the father, who is a most respectable man, carrying on a small business as a builder. One side of the face and a portion of the hands were eaten away by rats, but recognition was beyond doubt.

* * * *

Following up clues obtained by the sisters of the deceased, the police prosecuted their endeavours to find the men who were said to have been in the young woman's company about midnight on Saturday. One of these was said to be a bargeman, who stated that he parted from the deceased, and that she then said she was going home. Her route home was certainly not near the spot where her body was found, and the man referred to was questioned on this point. He admitted that when he left her another man named Contor approached her. The police say that his statements greatly contradict themselves. After the finding of the body, Sergeant Vagg found the man, whose name is Anthony, and Inspectors Bond and Helson had a long interview with him on the scene of the murder, and the man made a lengthy statement, which was taken down in writing. Subsequent to that, the officers searched for and found the man Contor, it being rumoured that he had kept to his home since the occurrence, and had a scratched face. The man was found at home, lying on his bed, at eight o'clock in the evening.

* * * *

At Dalston Police-Court, on Saturday afternoon, before Mr. Bros, George Anthony, twenty-three, bargeman, of Middlesex Wharf, Lea-bridge, and Charles Contor, thirty, labourer, of Sezand-terrace, Lea-bridge-road, were charged on suspicion with having been concerned together in causing the death of Annie Smith by drowning in the River Lea.

Both prisoners said they had accompanied her for safety on the Saturday night in question. Dr. Charles Aveling, divisional surgeon at Hackney, said he was called to see the body at the Hackney mortuary. The dress was wet and muddy, but there was no evidence of tearing or anything to show there had been a struggle. There was the usual tint about the body to be expected from drowning, which might be mistaken for bruising. The left cheek had been gnawed through apparently by rats, and the right arm had also been laid bare by similar means. In the evening witness made a post-mortem examination; death was due to suffocation by drowning. The same evening witness examined the two prisoners. On Anthony there was a small scratch on his forehead, which was apparently about a week old, and on Contor there were three small scratches and an abrasion on the nose.

Mr. Bros said he thought there was very little evidence against Contor; in fact, practically none. He remanded both prisoners for a week, but allowed Contor out on his own bail in £25.

BARBAROUS EVICTIONS IN IRELAND: SCOUT GIVING WARNING OF SHERIFF'S APPROACH.

"We were now interrupted. The women, hags of horror, were all around us."

# A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT

## FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

ADAM MORE'S STORY RESUMED: IN PRISON.

It was with hearts full of the gloomiest forebodings that we returned to the *amir*, and these we soon found to be fully justified. The athalebs descended at that point from which they had risen—namely, on the terrace immediately in front of the cavern where they had been confined. We then dismounted, and Layelah with the Kosekin guards accompanied us to our former chambers. There she left us, saying that a communication would be sent to us.

We were now left to our own conjectures.

"I wonder what they will do to us?" said I.

"It is impossible to tell," said Almah.

"I suppose," said I, "they will punish us in some way; but then punishment among the Kosekin is what seems honour and reward to me. Perhaps they will spare our lives, for that in their eyes ought to be the severest punishment and the deepest disgrace imaginable."

Layelah soon came to see me. She was as amiable as ever, and showed no resentment at all. She gave me an account of what had happened at the Council of State, which was the same as what I had heard from the Kohen Gadol.

I asked her why she had made such a report of us.

"To conciliate their goodwill," said Layelah. "For if they thought that you had really fled from death from a love of life, they would have felt such contempt for you that serious harm might have happened."

"Yes," said I; "but among the Kosekin, what you call harm would probably have been just what I want. I should like to be viewed with contempt, and considered unworthy of death and the *Mista Kosek*, and other such honours."

"Oh, yes," said Layelah; "but that doesn't follow; for, you see, the paupers love death so intensely that they long to bestow it on all; and if they knew that you were afraid of it they would be tempted to bestow it upon you immediately, just to show you how delightful a thing it is. And that was the very thing that I was trying to guard against."

"Well," said I, "and what is the result? Do you know what their decision is?"

"Yes," said Layelah.

"What is it?" I asked, eagerly.

Layelah hesitated.

"What is it?" I cried again, full of impatience.

"I 'm afraid it will not sound very pleasant to you," said Layelah; "but, at any rate, your life is spared for the present. They have decided to give you what they call the greatest possible honours and distinctions."

Layelah paused, and looked at me earnestly. For my part, these words sounded ominous, and were full of the darkest meaning.

"Tell me all," I said; "don't keep me in suspense."

"Well," said Layelah, "I 'm afraid you will think it hard; but I must tell you. I will tell it, therefore, as briefly and formally as possible.

"First, then, they have decreed the blessing of separation. You and Almah must now be parted, since this is regarded as the highest bliss of lovers.

"Secondly, they have decreed the blessing of poverty. All these luxuries will be taken away, and you will be raised to an equality in this respect with the great paupers.

"Thirdly, you are to have the blessing of darkness. You are to be removed from this troublesome and vexatious light, which here is regarded as a curse, and henceforth live without it.

"Fourthly, the next decree is the high reward of imprisonment. You are to be delivered from the evils of liberty, and shut up in a dark cavern, from which it will be impossible to escape or to communicate with anyone outside.

"Fifthly, you are to associate with the greatest of the paupers—the class that is the most honoured and influential. You will be present at all their highest councils, and will have the privilege of perpetual intercourse with those reverend men. They will tell you of the joys of poverty, the happiness of darkness, and the bliss of death."

Layelah paused, and looked at me earnestly.

"Is there anything more?" I gasped.

"No," said she. "Is not that enough? Some were in favour of bestowing immediate death, but they were outvoted by the others. You surely cannot regret that."

Layelah's words sounded like the words of a mocking demon. Yet she did not wish to distress me; she had merely stated my sentence in formal language, without any attempt to soften its tremendous import. As for me, I was overwhelmed with despair. There was but one thought in my mind—it was not of myself, but of Almah.

"And Almah?" I cried.

"Almah," said Layelah—"she will have the same; you are both included in the same sentence."

At this a groan burst from me. Horror overwhelmed me. I threw myself down upon the floor and covered my face with my hands. All was lost! Our fate—Almah's fate—was darkness, imprisonment, and death. Could anything be imagined that might mitigate such woes as these? Could anything be conceived of as more horrible? Yes, there remained something more, and this was announced by Layelah.

"Finally," said she, "it has been decreed that you shall not only have the blessing of death; but that you shall have the rare honour of belonging to the chosen few who are reserved for the *Mista Kosek*. Thus far this had not been granted. It was esteemed too high an honour for strangers; but now, by an exercise of unparalleled liberality, the Grand Council of Paupers have added this, as the last and best, to the high honours and rewards which they have decreed for you and Almah."

On the next *jour* I saw Almah. She had already learned the awful tidings. She met me with a face of despair; for there was no longer any hope, and all that remained for us was a last farewell. After this we parted, and each of us was taken to our respective prisons.

I was taken along dark passages until I came to a cavern with a low, dark portal. Upon entering, I found the darkness deeper than usual, and there was only one solitary lamp which diffused but a feeble ray through the gloom. The size of the place could not be made out. I saw here a group of human beings, and by the feeble ray of the lamp I perceived that they were wan and thin and emaciated, with scant clothing, all in rags, squalor, misery, and dirt: with coarse hair matted together, and long nails and shaggy beards. They reminded me in their personal appearance of the cannibals of the outer shore. These hideous beings all gathered around me, blinking at me with their bleary eyes, and grinning with their abominable faces, and then each one embraced me. The filth, squalor, and unutterable foulness of these wretches all combined to fill my soul with loathing; and the inconceivable horror of that embrace wellnigh overwhelmed me. Yet, after all, it was surpassed by the horror of the thought that Almah might be at that very moment undergoing the same

experience; and for her such a thing must be worse than for me.

*Joms* passed away, I know not how. The Chief Pauper, who is the greatest man in the land of the Kosekin, made several attempts to converse with me, and was evidently very condescending and magnanimous in his own eyes; but I did not meet his advances graciously—he was too abhorrent. He was a hideous wretch, with eyes nearly closed and bleary, thick, matted hair, and fiendish expression—in short, a devil incarnate in rags and squalour.

He assured me that he had all his life cultivated the loftiest feelings of love to others. His greatest happiness consisted in doing good to others, especially in killing them. The blessing of death being the greatest of all blessings, was the one which he loved best to bestow upon others; and the more he loved his fellow-creatures the more he wished to give them this blessing.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE CEREMONY OF SEPARATION.

Separated from Almah, surrounded by foul fiends, in darkness and the shadow of death, with the baleful prospect of the *Mista Kosek*, it was mine to endure the bitterest anguish and despair; and in me these feelings were all the worse from the thought that Almah was in a similar state, and was enduring equal woes. All that I suffered in my present condition she too was suffering—and from this there was no possibility of escape. Perhaps her surroundings were even worse, and her sufferings keener; for who could tell what these people might inflict in their strange and preverted impulses?

Many *joms* passed, and there was only one thing that sustained me—the hope of seeing Almah yet again, though it were but for a moment. That hope, however, was but faint. There was no escape. The gate was barred without and within. I was surrounded by miscreants, who formed the chief class in the State and the ruling order. The Chief Pauper was the highest magistrate in the land, from whose opinion there was no appeal, and the other paupers here formed the Kosekin senate. Here, in imprisonment and darkness, they formed a secret tribunal and controlled everything. They were objects of envy to all. All looked forward to this position as the highest object of human ambition, and the friends and relatives of those here rejoiced in their honour. Their powers were not executive, but deliberative. To the Meleks and Alhons were left the exercise of authority, but their acts were always in subordination to the will of the paupers.

"I have everything that heart can wish," said the Chief Pauper to me once. "Look at me, Atam-or, and see me as I stand here. I have poverty, squalor, cold, perpetual darkness, the privilege of killing others, the near prospect of death, and the certainty of the *Mista Kosek*—all these I have, and yet, Atam-or after all, I am not happy."

To this strange speech I had nothing to say.

"Yes," continued the Chief Pauper, in a pensive tone, "for twenty seasons I have reigned as chief of the Kosekin in this place. My cavern is the coldest, squalidest, and darkest in the land. My raiment is the coarsest rags. I have separated from all my friends. I have had much sickness. I have the closest captivity. Death, darkness, poverty, want, all that men most live and long for, are mine to satiety; and yet, as I look back and count the *joms* of my life to see in how many I have known happiness, I find that in all they amount to just seven! Oh, Atam-or, what a comment is this on the vanity of human life!"

To this I had no answer ready; but, by way of saying something, I offered to kill him on the spot.

"Nay, nay, Atam-or," said he, with a melancholy smile, "do not tempt me. Leave me to struggle with temptations by myself, and do not seek to make me falter in my duty. Yes, Atam-or; you behold in me a melancholy example of the folly of ambition; for I often think, as I look down from my lofty eminence, that, after all, it is as well to remain content in the humble sphere in which we are placed at birth. For, perhaps, if the truth were known, there is quite as much real happiness among the rich and splendid—among the Alhons and Meleks."

On this occasion I took advantage of the Chief Pauper's softer mood to pour forth an earnest entreaty for him to save Almah's life, or at least to mitigate her miseries. Alas! he was inexorable. It was like an appeal of some mad prisoner to some gentle-hearted Governor in Christendom, entreating him to put some fellow-prisoner to death, or at least to make his confinement more severe.

The Chief Pauper stared at me in horror.

"You are a strange being, Atam-or," said he, gently. "Sometimes I think you mad. I can only say that such a request is horrible to me beyond all words. Such degradation and cruelty to the gentle and virtuous Almah is outrageous and for ever impossible. No; we will not deprive her of a single one of those blessings which she now enjoys."

I turned away in despair.

At length, one *jom* the Chief Pauper came to me with a smile, and said,

"Atam-or, let me congratulate you on this joyous occasion."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You are to have your ceremony of separation."

"Separation!" I repeated.

"Yes," said he; "Almah has given notice to us. She has announced her intention of giving you up, and separating from you. With us the woman always gives the announcement in such cases. We have fixed the ceremony for the third *jom* from this, and I hope you will not think it too soon."

This strange intelligence moved me greatly. I did not like the idea of a ceremony of separation; but behind this there rose the prospect of seeing Almah, and I felt convinced that she had devised this as a mode of holding communication with me, or, at least, of seeing me again. The thought of Layelah was the only thing that interfered with this belief, for it might be her doings, after all; yet the fact remained that I was to see Almah, and in this I rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

The appointed *jom* came. A procession was formed of the paupers. The Chief did not go, as he never left the cavern except on the great sacrifices and *Mista Koseks*. The door was opened, and I accompanied the procession. On our way all was dark, and after traversing many passages we came at length to the door of a cavern as gloomy as the one I had left. On entering this I found all dark and drear; and a little distance before me there was a light burning, around which was gathered a group of hags hideous beyond all expression. But these I scarcely noticed: for there amid them all, pale and wan, with her face now lighted up with joyous and eager expectation, I saw my darling—my Almah! I caught her in my arms, and for a few moments neither of us spoke a word. She sobbed upon my breast, but I knew that the tears which she shed were tears of joy. Nor was our joy checked by the thought that it was to be so short-lived. It was enough at that moment that we saw one another—enough that we were in one another's arms; and so we mingled our tears, and shared one common rapture. And sweet it was—sweet beyond all expression—the sweetest moment in all my life; for it had come in the midst of the drear desolation of my heart and the black despair. It was like a flash of lightning in the intense darkness, short and sudden, indeed, yet still intense while it lasted, and in an instant filling all with its glow.

"I did this," murmured Almah, "to see you and to save you."

"Save me!" I repeated.

"Yes," said she, "I have seen Layelah. She told me that there is this chance, and this one only, to save you. I determined to try it. I cannot bear to think of you at the sacrifice—and for love of me meeting your death—for I would die to save you, Atam-or."

I pressed her closer in my arms.

"Oh, Almah," said I, "I would die to save you! and if this ceremony will save you I will go through with it, and accept my fate, whatever it may be."

We were now interrupted.

The women—the hags of horror—the shriek-like ones, as I may call them; or the fiend-like, the female fiends, the foul ones—they were all around us; and one there was who looked so exactly like the nightmare hag of the outer sea that I felt sure she must be the same, who by some strange chance had come here. Such, indeed, is quite likely, for there may have been a pass over the mountains to the land of the Kosekin; and those savage cannibals may all have been honoured Kosekin exiles, dwelling in poverty, want, woe, and darkness, all of which may have been allotted to them as a reward for eminent virtues. And so here she was, the nightmare hag, and I saw that she recognised me.

A circle was now formed around us, and the light stood in the middle. The nightmare hag also stood within the circle on the other side of the light opposite us. The beams of the lamp flickered through the darkness, faintly illuminating the faces of the horrible creatures around, who, foul and repulsive as harpies, seemed like unclean beasts, ready to make us their prey. Their glances seemed to menace death; their blear eyes rested upon us with a horrid eager hunger. My worst fears at that moment seemed realised; for I saw that Almah's associates were worse than mine, and her fate had been more bitter. And I wondered how it had been possible for her to live among such associates; or, even though she had lived thus far, whether it would be possible for her to endure it longer.

And now there arose a melancholy chant from the old hags around—a dreadful strain, that sounded like a funeral dirge, sung in shrill, discordant voices, led by the nightmare hag, who, as she sang, waved in her hand a kind of club. All the time I held Almah in my arms, regardless of those around us, thinking only of her from whom I must soon again be separated, and whom I must leave in this drear abode to meet her fearful fate alone. The chant continued for some time, and as long as it continued it was sweet to me; for it prolonged the meeting with Almah, and postponed by so much our separation.

At length the chant ceased. The nightmare hag looked fixedly at us, and spoke these words:

"You have embraced for the last time. Henceforth there is no more sorrow in your love. You may be happy now in being for ever disunited, and in knowing the bliss of eternal separation. As darkness is better than light, as death is better than life, so may you find separation better than union!"

She now gave a blow with her club at the lamp, which broke it to atoms and extinguished the flame. She continued:

"As the baleful light is succeeded by the blessed darkness, so may you find the light of union followed by the blessed darkness of separation!"

And now, in the deep darkness, we stood clasped in one another's arms; while around us, from the horrible circle of hags there arose another chant as harsh and discordant as the previous one, but which, nevertheless, like that, served at least to keep us together a little longer. For this reason it sounded sweeter than the sweetest music; and therefore, when at last the hideous noise ended, I felt a pang of grief, for I knew that I must now give up Almah for ever.

I was right. The ceremony was over. We had to part, and we parted with tears of despair. I was led away, and as I went I heard Almah's sobs. I broke away, and tried to return for one more embrace; but in the darkness I could not find her, and could only hear her sobs at a greater distance, which showed that she too was being led away. I called after her,—

"Farewell, Almah!"

Her reply came back broken with sobs.

"Farewell for ever, Atam-or!"

I was once more led away, and again traversed the dark passages, and again came back to my den, which now seemed dark with the blackness of despair.

On my return I was formally and solemnly congratulated by all the paupers. I should not have received their congratulations had I not expected that there would be something more. I expected that something would be said about the result of this act of separation; for Almah had believed that it would be the means of saving my life, and I believed that it would be the means of saving her life, and for this reason each of us had performed our part; although, of course, the joy of meeting with one another would of itself have been sufficient, and more than sufficient, to make that ceremony an object of desire. I thought, therefore, that some statement might now be made to the effect that by means of this ceremony my status among the Kosekin would be changed, and that both I and Almah, being no longer lovers, would be no longer fit for the sacrifice. To my intense disappointment, however, nothing whatever was said that had the remotest reference to this.

*(To be continued.)*

## A DYNAMITE CRUISER.

A certain Mediterranean port which dared to offend the Washington Government had better look out. The American cruiser launched at Philadelphia last Saturday from Cramp's yard is an unarmoured steel vessel of 1700 tons displacement, with twin-screw engines, and is designed to make a speed of seventeen knots. Her armament consists of six 6-in. steel breech-loaders, firing 100 lb. shells. There was launched at the same time a "dynamite cruiser" of 725 tons displacement, with twin-screws, and engines designed for 3200-horse power, and making twenty knots. Her mean draught is 9 ft. Her armament includes three guns, built side by side into the ship, from which will be projected, by means of compressed air, shells containing each 200 lb. of dynamite. These missiles will, it is expected, surpass in destructive effect anything yet attempted in the shape of movable torpedoes. The guns project above the deck at an angle, and their fire is a plunging one, the vessel being moved in order to aim the guns. Two other cruisers, each of twice the Yorktown's displacement, are being built in the same yard.

## PANIC IN A MENAGERIE.

### SIX PERSONS KILLED AND MANY INJURED.

A Terrible Panic occurred in a menagerie at Prague last Monday night. The structure is a wooden one, and is capable of holding about 1500 persons. Suddenly, when the building was tolerably full, a cry of "Fire!" was raised—it is said, by pickpockets—when there was a wild rush to the doors. Men, women, and children were knocked down and trampled under foot, and the scene for some time was terrible in the extreme. At length, when quiet was restored, it was found that six persons had been killed, and a very large number more or less seriously injured.

Every man or woman suffering from any form of nervous derangement, loss of power, debility, or functional disorder, should send at once for "Electropathy"; or, Harness's Guide to Health" (copiously illustrated). It will cost you nothing, and if, after perusal of the astounding facts it will bring to your notice, you should be persuaded to stop physicking and try rational treatment, you will assuredly be numbered among the ever-increasing multitude who daily express their gratitude for the priceless benefits derived from mild continuous currents of electricity generated by wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt. Don't hesitate a moment, but sit down at once, lest you forget it, and write for the treatise, which will be sent you free by post. Address Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Electrician, the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place).—[Advt.]

Tobacconists Commencing.—For advice how to open remuneratively from any amount, however small or large. See Illustrated Catalogue, post-free.—Lesser Fiudolandes, 3, Houndsditch, London. Established sixty years. Oldest and cheapest house in the World.—[Advt.]

To Students.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend Cadbury's Cocoa; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

## The Playgoer.

IT IS not often that even so great a public favourite as Mrs. Kendal receives such a prolonged and hearty tribute to her genius as this sterling actress and charming gentlewoman did last Saturday night at the close of her exquisitely sympathetic performance of the part of the aristocratic heroine in "The Ironmaster." Grace to the powerful acting of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Pinero's adroit translation of M. Ohnet's strong French play, "Le Maître de Forges," seized the imaginations of the intensely-interested audience that filled the St. James's Theatre, and deservedly extorted such warm plaudits that the triumphant success of the revival was at once assured. Jilted by the man she loves, the Duc De Bligny, Claire De Beaupré revenges herself by espousing the noble neighbouring ironmaster, M. Derblay; but, the marriage solemnised, resolves to live under his roof as a stranger. In this arduous character, Mrs. Kendal displays the various emotions, first of mortification, then of false pride, jealousy, and gradually of great love for her generous husband, with such womanly force that when, in the final act, she rushes between the duellists, her husband and the Duc, and is wounded by the bullet from the latter's pistol, the house "rises at her." In fine, by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal the great parts of M. Derblay and Claire De Beaupré are performed to perfection. The venomous rival of Claire, Athénais, was done justice to by Miss Rose Murray; Mrs. Gaston Murray made a dignified grande dame; and Mr. Mackintosh a Hare-like old Moulinet; whilst Miss Blanche Horlock, Mr. A. Waring, and Mr. Lewis Waller sustained the remaining parts with ability. The stage-management of Mr. Hare was excellent; and the realistic splendour with which "The Ironmaster" is mounted will be found to be justified by a prosperous run.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, in reviving the powerful drama of "The Silver King" at the Globe on Friday se'nnight for a too short run, enabled the public to evince its high appreciation of his great ability in the truthfully enacted part of Wilfred Denver. This powerful assumption has improved with age. Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. George Barrett, and Miss Eastlake (charmingly sympathetic as ever in the rôle of Nellie Denver), in hearing the cheers which rewarded them for the skill with which they interpreted their old familiar parts in "The Silver King," may well have felt encouraged to return shortly, as they will, to the boards on which this sterling play, by Messrs. H. H. Jones and Henry Herman, was first produced. Mr. Wilson Barrett this month takes a sub-lease of the Princess's for a few weeks in order to produce the adaptation of Mr. Hall Caine's novel of "The Deemster," of which we have heard so much. It is for this reason that Miss Grace Hawthorne announces the last nights of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" at the Princess's.

Miss Farren, Mr. Fred Leslie, Misses Marion Hood, Letty Lind, and Sylvia Grey are now well on their way to the Mediterranean *en voyage* from Plymouth to Australia for the Gaiety Burlesque tour. On the eve of their departure, and on the last night of Richard Henry's "Frankenstein," for the present at the Gaiety, the Gaiety Company met with a rapturous greeting—one of the most remarkable demonstrations ever witnessed in a theatre. I have been present at most of the Gaiety farewells at the Lyceum, but confess the Gaiety excitement was greater. People stood and cheered again and again whilst "Auld Lang Syne" was being sung by the Gaiety Company, Herr Meyer Lutz conducting, and Nelly Farren and Fred Leslie breaking down. On both sides, the heartiest of farewells was meant. For his spirited and liberal management of the Gaiety Mr. George Edwardes is entitled to the highest praise, and that Friday night's display of enthusiasm showed that the public rightly values his skill and enterprise. I'll report on the famous Daly company of comedians anon. Meantime, I should mention that many prime members of the Gaiety Burlesque Company remain in England, and are about to commence a tour through the kingdom, beginning next Monday night with "Miss Esmeralda" at the Pavilion, where the capital melodrama of "The Pointsman" has been deservedly relished for the past week.

Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and R. C. Carton, the ingenious authors of those stirring plays "The Great Pink Pearl" and "The Pointsman," produced their new comedy, "The Treasure," at the Strand, on Tuesday afternoon, before a brilliant and crowded audience. I have not space to spare for full details of the intricate and exciting plot. It is enough to say at present that the many ramifications of the story kept the audience on the tenter-hooks of suspense all the time. So much so that at some points the farcical interest deepened into melodrama. The only fault to be found with "The Treasure" is that in the third act the melodramatic characteristics which have awakened the chief interest are subordinated to the farcical element. This, however, can soon be remedied. When revision takes place—and so clever a play should be revised forthwith with a view to prompt placing in some evening bill—much of the dialogue, bright as it is, should also be removed. Playwrights of such novel and well-considered powers as Messrs. Raleigh and Carton deserve every encouragement, and no doubt the public will see that they get it. The chief honours in the acting fell to Miss Kate Lawler (whose return to the London stage is welcome), Messrs. Frank Rodney, Julian Cross, C. W. Somerset, and F. H. Laye. Miss Compton acted powerfully, but her American accent was not good.

## Chat of the London Gossips.

["WHAT THE *World* SAYS."]

JOURNALIST to the tips of his fingers, Mr. Edmund Yates, in the *World*, appropriately gives the place of honour to Mr. Orchardson, R.A., as the "Celebrity at Home." This distinguished painter is thus vividly hit off in his Portland-place studio:—

"A heavy mahogany door, which came from Northumberland House, is opened, and you find yourself in just such an apartment as Mr. Orchardson's pictures would lead you to anticipate. As he crosses the broad expanse of parquet-flooring to welcome you, you may possibly notice that the once luxuriant wave of brown hair over his brow and his heavy moustache are now both streaked with grey; but his well-knit figure is still as lithe as ever, and tells its own story of well-fought tennis contests at Lord's and the Queen's Club, of long daily walks, and of the close games which take place in his own pet court at Tryside (his Westgate cottage facing the sea, where he has commenced so many successful pictures) when he gives battle to Colonel Heathcote and Mr. Julian Marshall.

"Mr. Orchardson is almost as expert a handler of the billiard-cue and the tennis-bat as he is of the brush. He loves fresh air, sea-breezes, and healthful exercise almost as much as he does his profession; and he has just completed a subterranean billiard-room, with classical columns, hangings of stamped Indian cotton, and a stove which bears a strange resemblance to a crematorium.

"As soon as his duties at Burlington House are over, Mr. Orchardson will go with his family to Westgate, where, in the intervals of country walks and tennis-matches, he will think out some new phase of contemporary social life."

The Queen will be at Buckingham Palace next week for two nights, and again for two nights during the following week. Her Majesty is expected to arrive at Balmoral for the usual spring sojourn on Saturday, the 19th inst., and she will not return from Scotland to Windsor till after Ascot Races.

The Prince and Princess of Wales leave Euston-square for Scotland next Monday morning by the ten o'clock express, which will convey them to Preston, and they will travel thence to Motherwell by special train, arriving at Dalzell, Lord Hamilton's beautiful place on the Clyde, about a quarter-past seven.

Tuesday is to be a very heavy day, as there will be the journeys to and from Glasgow, and the manifold ceremonials in that city; and at night the Prince and Princess are to travel by the mail-train to Blackburn, where they will open the Technical School on Wednesday morning, returning to London, through Manchester, in the evening.

Colonel Pole-Carew, Coldstream Guards, has resigned his appointment as Military Secretary to Sir Frederick Roberts. Colonel Pole-Carew will return from India in a few weeks, as his presence is required at home, in consequence of his having succeeded to the family estates in East Cornwall, through the much-lamented death of his father, Mr. George Pole-Carew, of Antony.

Mrs. John Wood has, after mature consideration, determined to become the first lessee of the new Court Theatre. She will open early in September with a new play by Mr. Pinero. Mr. Arthur Cecil will be one of the principal members of her company.

["*Truth* TO TELL."]

Her Majesty purchased several modern paintings during her stay at Florence, and four pieces of sculpture, as well as some copies of ancient pictures.

The Queen has been so charmed with Florence that she contemplates purchasing a residence and grounds near Fiesole, within a short distance of the Villa Palmieri.

The Queen's birthday is to be kept in London "officially" on Saturday, May 26, on which day the Prince of Wales will dine with Lord Salisbury in Arlington-street, and Lady Salisbury is to have a great party at the Foreign Office, at which numerous Royalties will be present.

The two silver models of ships which are the Jubilee gift of the Navy to the Queen are to be formally presented to her Majesty in the ball-room at Buckingham Palace; and they are to be placed in one of the drawing-rooms at Osborne.

Lord Dudley comes of age on May 25; but the festivities at Witley Court and Himdley, in celebration of the event, will not take place till August.

Prince's Club, reorganised and rejuvenated, is shortly to make a new start, in Knightsbridge, on the site of what used to be Humphrey's Hall, with some adjacent land added.

Lord Rosebery has arranged to import a team of the Vermont Black Hawk trotters, which are considered to be the finest roadsters in the United States. They are remarkable both for their good looks and for their speed.

M. Coquelin is going to America for ten months, and will visit not only the United States from New York and Boston to San Francisco, but also Mexico and Brazil. He will come to London again next spring, when on his way back to Paris.

Mr. Carl Rosa has put in hand an English version of Bizet's "Leila" ("Les Pêcheurs de Perles"), and will produce it next autumn in the provinces.

Mr. Carl Rosa, by-the-way, has definitely decided to run a troupe for the performance of comic or light opera, mostly written for him specially by Englishmen. I cordially wish the scheme success.

The rose is to be the favourite flower, and the most fashionable for this season. Mrs. Green's floral sunshades are to be very different from the vulgar things so largely advertised under that name, and trimmed with artificial flowers. The floral sash is another new idea. I have not seen one of these. Floral hats are expected to "catch on" if it be a fine season.

## FATAL COLLISION OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

A COLLISION occurred in the Channel near the Needles last Saturday morning, resulting in the loss of twelve lives. The vessels were the Smyrna, a sailing-vessel belonging to the Aberdeen White Star Line, Captain Thomas Taylor, of Aberdeen, outward bound from London, on April 24, to Sydney, with a general cargo; and the Moto, an iron screw-steamer, Captain Digman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, from Bilbao, on April 26, to the Tyne, with a cargo of iron ore. The Smyrna sank. The bows of the Moto were badly stove in, and the vessel was only saved by her water-tight bulkheads. Three of the steamer's boats were lowered at once, and, together with the steamer, returned to the spot where the collision occurred. The second mate of the Smyrna, named Walker, jumped on board the Moto, and two of the crew were hauled on board. The boats saved fifteen others. The drowned include the London pilot, Mr Colby; Mr. Thomas Taylor, captain; Mr. Fowler, third mate; the carpenter, the cook, and seven able seamen of the Smyrna. The Moto remained on the spot upwards of an hour, and then steamed slowly to Southampton, arriving in dock at ten a.m. on Sunday morning. The men went to the Southampton Sailors' Home.

A BRAVE FIGHT does the daughter of Madame Rachel appear to have made of it to hold her head up against the ill-luck that has followed her since the death of her husband, Mr. Turner. Mr. Troutbeck, deputy Coroner for Westminster, held an inquest on Monday concerning the death of Mrs. Hélène Crosmond-Turner, the lady who shot herself with a revolver at the corner of Clarges-street on Thursday evening last week, while driving in a cab along Piccadilly. Evidence was given to show that she had endured much trouble since her husband died, seven years ago; and that she had been a constant sufferer from neuralgia, in consequence of which she had acquired the habit of taking opiates. Her crowning distress was connected with the breaking of a contract under which she was to receive £40 a week for appearing during the coming season of Royal Italian Opera as prima donna. The contract had been torn up by herself under a misapprehension, and it was reported to her on the day of the suicide that the negotiations for its renewal had terminated unfavourably. The verdict of the jury was to the effect that the deceased was of unsound mind at the time she shot herself.

THE CHANNEL STEAMER INVICTA STRANDED NEAR CALAIS HARBOUR: PASSENGERS DISEMBARKING ON THE SAND BANK.

THE CHANNEL STEAMER INVICTA STRANDED NEAR CALAIS HARBOUR: PASSENGERS DISEMBARKING ON THE SAND BANK.

# Sport.

## NEWMARKET SPRING MEETING

has quickly succeeded the Alexandra Park fixture. The gathering, big with the fate of the Two Thousand, was heralded by a fine outburst of spring weather.

The racing on the opening day was witnessed by the Prince of Wales. Capital sport. Business commenced well with the Two Thousand Guineas Trial Plate, in which Propriety easily atoned for the defeat he sustained in the opening event of the Craven Meeting. Mr. Heasman relied upon Rosy Morn in preference to Agneta for the Selling Plate on the Rous Course, and he was made favourite; but he ran with none of his old dash, and the improving Parga scored easily. Wise Man's Liverpool form caused him to be made a strong favourite for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, but he was beaten a long way from home, and the well-backed Rejected got back the money lost over him at Derby last week. The débutante Domoch ran very moderately in the Hastings Plate, and, with Hazlehatch again running like a non-stayer, Galore won easily at the finish.

### THE TWO THOUSAND DAY.

A poor start was made on Wednesday with the Maiden Plate for three-year-olds, which Masque de Fer won after a very pretty race with Scene-Shifter. Master Bill easily pulled through the colours of his new owner, Mr. Abingdon, for the Two-year-Old Plate. Then came an interval of three-quarters of an hour before the start for the Two Thousand Guineas. Rain commenced to fall. Friar's Balsam was so much liked that the odds on him rose to 3 to 1, and with 8 to 1, bar one, Ayrshire was a strong second favourite. Johnny Morgan fulfilled his mission as pacemaker, and brought the field along at a good pace, and Ossory had to retire when half the journey was covered. To the dismay of the plungers, Cannon was uneasy on Friar's Balsam at the Bushes, and before entering the Abingdon mile bottom he represented a forlorn hope. Johnny Morgan, Orbit, and Crowberry all fairly beat him; but Ayrshire (with J. Osborne up) had the race well in hand, rising out of the dip, and won in a canter by two lengths; Johnny Morgan second, and Orbit third. There was very little shouting, backers being dumbfounded at the fall of the favourite.

### COMING TURF MEETINGS.

At the chief London turf club, last Monday, in addition to speculation on the two principal races of the week, the Chester Cup was mentioned. Saville just having the call of Kinsky. Thunderstorm held his post firmly as favourite for the Kempton Park Jubilee, the test offer at the close being 5 to 1, while a point more was accepted about Minting. Offers of 20 to 1 on the field led to no business in the case of the Manchester Cup; and 500 to 400 and 200 to 200 was betted, after 575 to 400 had been laid, against Friar's Balsam for the Derby. Prices:—

CHESTER CUP. (*Run May* 9.)

5 to 1 agst Savile (t) | 6 to 1 agst Kinsky (t)

KEMPTON PARK JUBILEE STAKES. (*Run May* 12.)

5 to 1 agst Thunderstorm (o); 11 to 2 & 3 (w)
6 to 1 — Minting (5 & o)
100 to 12 — Tyrone (o)
100 to 8 — Florentine (t)
100 to 6 — Gallinule (5 & o)
13 to 1 — Phil (t)
20 to 1 agst Maxim (t)
25 to 1 — Harpenden (t)
25 to 1 — Cobbler (5 & o)
33 to 1 — Whistle Jacket (t)
33 to 1 — Kingfisher (o)
33 to 1 — Ashplant (o)

MANCHESTER CUP. (*Run May* 25.)

20 to 1 on the field (o)

DERBY. (*Run May* 30.)

6 to 4 agst Friar's Balsam (t)
6 to 1 — Ayrshire (t)
1000 to 2 — Balderdash (o)
200 to 100 agst Friar's Balsam winning Two Thousand Guineas and Derby (t)
25 to 1 agst Balderdash 1, 2, 3 (t & o)

### MR. WALTER GREGORY,

who was well known and highly respected on the turf, died at Brighton last Monday, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. For many years he had been a member of the Nottingham Town Council and the Board of Guardians, and the inmates of the workhouse will miss a great friend. It was Mr. Gregory's custom to give the inmates a Christmas treat year after year.

### THE FRENCH TWO THOU. AND ONE THOU.

were decided last Sunday afternoon at Longchamps. The two chief events on the card were the Poule d'Essai for fillies, which answers to our One Thousand Guineas, and the Poule d'Essai for colts, which is the equivalent of the Two Thousand. Both races were run over a mile course, and were three-year-old sweepstakes, with 20,000f. added to each. The fillies' race, which came first, brought out six runners, of whom Count De Berteux's Widgeon was an equal favourite with Baron Alphonse De Rothschild's Princesse Palatine. Widgeon, who is bred from English stock, scored a very easy victory from Baron De Soubeyran's Io. The field for the colts' race, or Two Thousand, was rather larger. All the eight horses coloured on the card ran. The favourite was Baron De Soubeyran's St. Gall, but he could not shall off the resolute challenge of Reyezuelo, who won somewhat easily by three parts of a length. The result of this race alters the aspect of

### THE FRENCH DERBY,

which will be run for three weeks hence, and for which Reyezuelo will now be almost as good a favourite as M. Donon's Stuart, the only three-year-old of note which has not yet run this season.

### DUEL ON THE RACE-DAY.

A fatal duel was fought on Sunday morning in the Bois de Boulogne, behind the race-course stands of Longchamps. The duellists were M. Felix Dupuis and M. Eugène Habert, both artists and art critics. Two pistol shots were exchanged at a distance of twenty paces. M. Dupuis was shot through the heart. The origin of the duel was a violent discussion at the Palais de l'Industrie.

### THE SCULLING-MATCH

between George Bubear, of Hammersmith, and Charles Carr, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for £100 a side, is to take place over the Tyne championship course, Mansion House to Scotswood, on Saturday, May 26 next. Bubear entered upon strict training operations on Monday, and took up his quarters at Mr. Will Winch's comfortable hostelry, the White Hart, Barnes.

### THE CANADIANS

played their third match in Ireland last Saturday, when they met on the Ormeau-road Cricket Ground, Belfast, a team selected from the lacrosse clubs of the district. The Canadians won by nine games to five.

On Monday, at Belfast, the Toronto lacrosse players beat County Down in the final match of the Irish tour by four games to one.

### THE "SPORTSMAN" CHALLENGE CUP

for the Championship at Pigeon-shooting was competed for at Warner's Welsh Harp Grounds, Hendon, last Monday. Mr. Farrell was victor with the score of 22 out of 25.

### THE AMATEUR RACQUET CHAMPIONSHIP.

The first of the semi-final ties was played at the Queen's Club, West Kensington, last Monday afternoon, the competitors being Mr. C. D. Buxton and Major Spens, and, as was anticipated, produced a most exciting struggle. Buxton won the rubber by three to two. The final will probably be decided this (Saturday) afternoon.

### CRICKET.

The Australian cricketers began practice at Mitcham on Monday. Mr. C. W. Beal, the manager, having arrived from Paris on Saturday evening in company with Jones, Turner, Bannerman, Lyons, Trott, and Worrall. Mr. Beal, with his wife and mother, and Bannerman and Lyons, with their wives, are staying at the Bedford Hotel, Covent-garden.

At the Surrey Colts' test match, last Saturday, Boxall, of Mitcham, again acquitted himself considerably with the bat, and S. B. Lohmann was seen to better advantage at the wickets than on the previous day. A fairly good all-round player was found in Davis, who obtained 62 runs—the top score—and also bowled with success. Gray, who bowls a little above medium pace, created a favourable impression.

Dr. W. G. Grace's team beat the Bristol Twenty-four last Saturday. Mr. Newnham, who is home from St. Petersburg on vacation, batted and bowled well, and it is believed he will be available for Gloucestershire in some of the early matches. Mr. Grace, jun., who bowls medium pace, took fifteen wickets in the whole match for 55 runs. Victory rested with Mr. Grace's team by six wickets.

### MILE BICYCLE-RACE.

The second of the three bicycle-races for the International Championship and £200, between Richard Howell, of Coventry, and W. A. Rowe, the American champion, took place last Saturday afternoon, at Molineux Grounds, Wolverhampton, in the presence of 3000 spectators. Directly after the start Rowe took the lead; but 300 yards from home the English champion shot ahead, and rode in an easy winner by over twenty yards. Time, 2 min. 47 sec.

### A TEN MILES TRICYCLE-MATCH

for a stake of £50 was decided at Northampton last Saturday evening, between J. Lee, of Nottingham, and F. W. Allard, of Coventry. In the seventh mile Lee's machine broke down, and Allard finished alone in 36 min. 36 sec.

### THE POLYTECHNIC MEMBERS

are active in pursuit of athletics as well as being zealous students. They go in for cycle and boating clubs; and they are expert in the gymnasium. What the Regent-street and Finsbury-square Polytechnics and the East London Palace are doing for the north side of the Thames, the renovated "Vic," soon to be the Morley Palace, should do for South London. There can be no question that admirable institutions such as these, where physical recreation is well looked after by responsible men whose hearts are in their work, must raise the moral tone of the rising generation.

### BILLIARDS.

The 12,000-up match between J. Roberts and W. Mitchell, in which Roberts, whilst restricting himself to the spot-barred game, allowed his opponent to make twenty consecutive spot strokes at a time, was brought to a conclusion at the Billiard Hall, Argyll-street, last Saturday. Roberts won by 4000 points. The best breaks during the day were 188, 140, 128, 115, and 107 by Roberts; and 168 by Mitchell.

The 9000-up, spot-barred match between W. Cook and J. G. Sala, in which Cook conceded 1000 start, was brought to a close at the Westminster Aquarium on Saturday; Sala, who again had matters all his own way, winning by 3426 points. The best breaks during the day were two of 120 each by Sala.

John Roberts, jun., has this week opposed Peall on similar terms to those which governed his recent match with Mitchell, 12,000 up even, Roberts playing spot-barred, and Peall being allowed to make twenty consecutive spot strokes. There was a fair attendance at the Billiard Hall, Argyll-street, when play commenced on Monday afternoon, and visitors saw Roberts in capital form, the champion making breaks of 201, 109, 108, 143, and 110 (unfinished). Score on Monday night:—Roberts (in play), 2002; Peall, 1498.

During the week a spot-barred tournament has taken place in the saloon at the Westminster Aquarium, and eight players have been handicapped. The heats were 400 up, arranged on the American principle, and prizes valued at £75 were given. In the first heat, J. Shattock (received 75) beat D. Potter (110) by 137 points; W. Spiller (75) beat H. Owen (scratch) by 104 points; F. Bundey (scratch) beat A. Bundey (75) by 57 points; F. Brereton (75) beat J. Archdeacon (100) by 55 points.

### NEW YACHTS.

A new racing-cutter of 60 rating was launched by Messrs. Tay and Co., of Southampton, on Saturday last. She has been built to the order of the Earl of Dunraven from a design by Mr. A. Richardson, of Liverpool, and was named the Netranilla.

Messrs. Henderson, of Partick, Glasgow, launched last week a racing-cutter of 60 rating, which was named the Yanara. She was designed by that expert master Mr. G. L. Watson, of Glasgow; and is owned by Mr. P. Ralli.

### FOOTBALL.

Lancashire against Yorkshire, a Rugby Union match, was played at Stockport on Saturday. Lancashire proved victorious by two goals and four tries to two goals.

Many thousand spectators witnessed the final tie for the Staffordshire Challenge Cup, at Birmingham, between West Bromwich Albion and the Wolverhampton Wanderers. The clubs had previously played two drawn matches, but the Wolverhampton team now won by two goals to one.

The final tie for the North Staffordshire Challenge Cup, between Leek and Stoke, was played the same day at Stoke. Leek were the winners by two goals to one.

At a meeting on Monday night of the council of the Football Association it was resolved, by fifteen votes to four, not to endorse the suspension of the Preston North-End Football Club by the Lancashire Association.

At Glasgow, on Monday, a mixed Scottish team beat Preston North End by four goals to none; while Burnley were beaten by Witton by three goals to one.

### FOOTBALL IN NEW ZEALAND.

The English football team last Saturday played their first match in New Zealand, their opponents being a selected team from the football clubs of Otago. The Englishmen scored two goals and two tries to one goal gained by the Otago men.

# Law and Police Record.

DANIEL MORIARTY AND DANIEL HAYES were last Saturday executed at Tralee Jail for the murder of the old man James Fitzmaurice, at Lixnaw, in the county of Kerry.

FOR GROSS CRUELTY to her step-daughter, a child of ten, Joan Barratt was sentenced at the Old Bailey, on Saturday, to twelve months' imprisonment.

ON SATURDAY LAST a box was found in a railway carriage at Carnarvon, labelled "Lime-street, Liverpool," containing the remains of a female child.

AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT last Saturday, Henry Hazeldine, who had pleaded guilty to stealing a quantity of jewellery from private hotels, was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. A woman named Jones, who was found guilty of receiving a portion of the property from him, knowing it was stolen, was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

AT THE WORCESTER POLICE-COURT last Saturday, Eleanor Powell, widow, and Ellen Humphreys, servant, were remanded on a charge of murdering Henry Powell, publican, the husband of the first-named prisoner, whose death is attributed to narcotic poisoning. A man named Keatley, who is now in prison, will be brought up on the same charge.

AT THE BRENTFORD PETTY SESSIONS last Saturday, Sarah Ellen Proctor, thirty-five, was committed for trial on the charge of having murdered, at Isleworth, Charlotte Whale, aged twenty-six, a chainmaker, of Windmill-end, Dudley, where prisoner had also resided and worked as a nail-maker. On being conveyed to Kew Bridge Railway Station in a cab, the accused was hooted by a crowd of persons assembled in front of the Townhall.

MARIA A. DAVIES, who has been in prison for fifteen months for contempt of Court, in persisting to assert her claim to certain property which had been adjudged to belong to another person, was on Saturday brought before the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Mathew. As she still refused to promise not to resume the molestation, she was sent back to prison, the Lord Chief Justice telling her that as soon as she would give the undertaking required she would be as free as air.

TWICE DIVORCED!—A curious case concerning a familiar personage came before the Bow-street Magistrate last Saturday. Mr. Churchley, solicitor, attended before Mr. Bridge on behalf of Blanche Minnie Bouverie, and made an application against Mr. Francis Kenelm Bouverie for a summons for alleged desertion. Mr. Churchley said that Mr. Bouverie was a young gentleman, twenty-six years of age, residing at Delapré Abbey, Northampton. He had already been twice divorced. Mr. Bridge: Twice divorced? Mr. Churchley: Yes, for adultery. Application was made on behalf of the third wife, who had brought her action, and had proved adultery, but could not prove legal cruelty. Her husband had been recently committed for trial on charges of fraud, and they were settled out of court. He told her after they had been married a week that she had better get away, as he always tired of a woman in a week. He was living in great style, and said he was heir to the Delapré estates. Mr. Bridge granted the summons, but as Mrs. Bouverie lived in the Clerkenwell Police-Court district she was formally referred to the sitting Magistrate there.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY was enacted on Monday morning in Wolverhampton. Shortly after five o'clock screams were heard proceeding from the Victoria Inn, kept by Thomas Harper. It was alleged that Harper's eldest son, Ernest, a young fellow about twenty-three years of age, had killed his brother Thomas, aged seventeen, by cutting his throat. Ernest afterwards leaped headforemost through a bed-room window, fracturing his skull. It is thought that his brain was affected by a sunstroke whilst on foreign service.

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A CHARITY WELL WORTHY OF PUBLIC SUPPORT.—Viscount Lymington, M.P., Lord Portsmouth's heir, will preside at the festival dinner of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, to be held on June 20 next.

RAILWAY SERVANTS.—Signalmen, Engine-Drivers, Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink CADBURY'S COCOA, a sustaining beverage, agreeable and comforting, during long spells of work. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

"CLEANING SILVER."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using GODDARD'S NON-MERCURIAL PLATE-POWDER. Sold everywhere, in BOXES, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[ADVT.]

# OVER THE SUNSHINE OF EXISTENCE HANGS A DARK CLOUD.

WITH the uncertainty of life is mingled the dark mystery of death! While, on the one hand, we catch the welcome sound of a new breath of life that tells of an addition to our species, on the other, we shudder as we hear the rushing wings of the Destroying Angel! The mighty voice of the Great Influence which rules the Universe has pronounced our fate; the dread fiat has gone forth, and every mortal man is doomed to die! But, though we cannot prevent, can we postpone death? The question is momentous, even if it concerns the prolongation of life but by a single hour, inasmuch as every instinct prompts us to fight the boldest battle we can for this glorious boon of existence. The promptings of instinct are but the spontaneous voices of nature, and it is our duty to obey. But there still remains the question, Can death be postponed by a single hour? Yes; for the world works in obedience to certain laws; and a study of these proves that those who have the judgment and the will to buckle on the shield which nature places ready to their grasp may ward off the insidious attacks of the implacable enemy of life, until, in a ripe old age, the vital faculties gradually decay, and the Angel of Peace glides softly into our presence, leading us, as it were, in a gentle slumber, to the regions beyond the shadow of the tomb.

The Fell Destroyer makes his first approaches in many forms, but none are more favoured by him than that of a deadly foe now preying upon the very vitals of modern society. What is this foe? There are few among us who have not been or are now to some extent its victims. Would the reader know if he, too, is under the ban of this frightful scourge? Let him ask himself whether he experiences any of the following symptoms: — Pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. The mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning; and there are feelings of dullness and drowsiness. The appetite is poor, a sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth; there is a feeling as of a heavy load on the stomach, and sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken; the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but attended in the course of a few months with expectoration of a greenish colour. The sufferer feels constantly tired, and sleep seems to afford him no rest. Nervousness, irritability, and evil forebodings follow. When rising suddenly there is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes are tinged with yellow. There is frequently a spitting up of the food—at times with a sour taste, and at others with a sweetish taste. This is often attended with palpitation of the heart or impaired vision, with spots before the eyes, accompanied by great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present.

It is thought that nearly one third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. Medical men have mistaken the nature of the malady. Its true name is Dyspepsia or Indigestion, for which a certain remedy is to be found in Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup—a medicine which has won in both hemispheres a confidence founded only on its great virtues.

Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup can be obtained from any Chemist or Medicine Vender; or from the Proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 35, Farringdon-road, London, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

ARMSTRONG WORKS AT ELSWICK ON THE TYNE.

WE HARK back to Newcastle-on-Tyne with pleasure, for it is always gratifying to return to the thriving home of men so hearty, steadfast, and of such sterling integrity as those who dwell on the banks of the Tyne. We last week depicted H.M.S. Victoria on the Tyne. We now give a View of the Elswick works of Lord Armstrong and Co., and a glimpse of the busy thoroughfare in which the Central Railway Station of Newcastle is situated.

On the banks of the Tyne, at Elswick, a western suburb of Newcastle, an immense space of ground is occupied by the great iron, mechanical engineering, shipbuilding, and ordnance-manufacturing establishment of Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. These embrace three blast-furnaces for the smelting of hæmatite and other superior descriptions of iron ores, and large engineering shops, in which are manufactured hydraulic appliances used for a variety of purposes, but chiefly for raising and moving heavy weights, opening and shutting dock-gates, revolving swing bridges, loading and training heavy ordnance, &c. Here, also, is a foundry, and, now in course of formation, what will be the largest steel-works in the kingdom. Another branch of the business, which has given a world-wide notoriety to Elswick, is the manufacture of ordnance, from the small field-gun to the monster of 110 tons, with all that belongs to them—shot and shell, carriages, and hydraulic arrangements for working them.

This company has two shipyards—one at Elswick and the other at Low Walker. The former has been constructed within the last four years, but has turned out a number of swift, heavily-armed cruisers, with rates of speed up to nineteen knots an hour.

The Walker yard was founded, many years ago, by a director of the company, Mr. Charles Mitchell. In it many vessels of a special character have been built, including two ships for ocean cable-laying—the Hooper and the Faraday. The Staunch gun-boat was the first of her kind for coast defence. Another notable war-ship built here was the Esmeralda, the pioneer of the new class of swift cruisers which carry heavy ordnance fore and aft, with smaller side-guns.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: THE CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION.

## THE SHOWMAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

May, real May, is with us at last. The month for Spring rambles in ivy-green lanes has begun well. We're "in it"—"fairly in it" as the captivating "Gutta-Percha Girl" saucily sings in "The Arabian Nights" at the Comedy. And what is the May watchword of our Masters and Pastors? Why, hie to the Picture Galleries! Don't go a-Maying; but see how Nature's whipped in the May blossoms painted on canvas! I own we, in this Show, are not averse to a good picture. Don't we give ye plenty of brilliant colours, and no end of good drawing, in yon glowing bit of canvas? Of course, we do. And let me whisper in your ears, we might, an' we liked, call our Show a Royal Show. For 't is a fact that we have the honour to be patronised by Royalty, the Nobility, and Gentry, as well as by the People, who pay best of all: bless em! But we're not proud; and so we let our popular Show stand on its own merits.

But there's a clever, plucky young Bohemian comrade of mine—I know him well, for we've had many a professional tramp together in the "long ago" before I entered on the "down grade" of life—I refer to Harry Furniss. Harry happens to be on *Punch*—the best *Punch* on the road; and when he hears Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., a-banging away on his big drum, playing the Pandean pipes as flutily as Johnny Radcliff does, and proudly calling on the fashionable folks to walk up, walk up, and inspect his Royal Academy Show—why, young Harry, he can't stand such assumption. He backs *Punch* against the whole array of R.A.'s; he demands that Punch and Judy, the Beadle, Clown and Dog shall all be R. A—'d, too—or, as an alternative, that the Royal Academy shall be disestablished. Well, well, he 's an amazing cuss—is Harry Furniss. Make a point of

hearing him, and seeing his funny pictorial skits, whenever he chances to be near your parish. A good deal of truth in his droll Art Lecture; and I shall be happy to hear from my old friend "There 's money in it," likewise. 'Tis money makes the mare to go!

Programme of May! A tidy full one for Prince Bonhomme and Princess Sweeteyes. Let us trust they have braced themselves for their gracious tasks, the Prince by numerous racing holidays, the Princess by quiet rest at Sandringham. Both have their work cut out for them. On Monday next they take train to the flourishing Commercial Capital of Bonnie and Cannie Scotland: on Tuesday, they open Glasgow's fine and large Exhibition in the picturesque grounds of Kelvingrove Park—and will probably wish to goodness they could escape the boredom of the local Nicol Jarvies, and take lunch in comfort at Lang's. From all I hear, this Glasgow Exhibition will be a big success—and well worthy the honour done it by the opening Highland Reel of our good-natured Prince and Princess.

The Princess returns to London in good time to graciously open the Anglo-Danish Exhibition at South Kensington. "For auld lang syne," the Anglo-Daneries should be the most triumphant show of the London Season. British and Danish exhibits will be sure to interest many. The Union Jack and Danish Flag will be intertwined in folds of true friendship. Good old Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Stories—which delighted our Princess when a girl at Copenhagen—are to be enacted, *à la* "Alice in Wonderland," by Savile Clarke's talented troupe of juveniles. The Anglo-Daneries will be crowned by ten thousand extra lamps and an enlivening military concert in the Illuminated Gardens of Hesperides—that is, on the site of the "Col-Indies" of happy memory. Good Luck to the Anglo-Daneries!

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,

I first revived sunny memories of olden coaching times by a renovating drive from Piccadilly to St. Albans and back on the famous "Wonder" coach. Hence right glad am I to know that Mr. Peter J. Rumney in the second week of May resumes the daily trip to St. Albans; starting from Hatchett's with an unsurpassed team, merrily bowling along the Edgware-road, through Hendon, the village of Edgware, Bushey, and Watford, to the Abbey town; the "Wonder" horsed throughout magnificently, and the whole turn-out being a credit to good old Peter, if I may venture to call him so. Hurrah for the road!

The Turf! Ah, what would our Old Nobility do without an occasional gamble? The two great coming races in May are the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes on the Twelfth, and the Derby on the Thirtieth. Go it whilst ye 're young, my hearties! But, I beseech your Royal Highnesses and Messieurs of the Jockey Club—I earnestly beg of ye once again to apply the besoms of reform, and to "clear the course" completely of the ramping, cheating, welshing, ruffianly crew who defile most race-courses, and who must be stamped out unless the Jockey Club itself is to be disestablished! Reform it altogether, gentlemen! Remember, 'tis not always May!

CODLIN.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

OTTO HEGNER

has proved successful as a marvellous pianist. We prepared our readers for the legitimate triumph of this youthful prodigy.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD,

accompanied by Mrs. Lloyd and Mr. N. Vert, his agent, sailed for New York last Saturday, in the Etruria, to fulfil his engagement to sing at the Cincinnati festival in May.

THE CONCERT AT PRINCE'S HALL

on May 7, under high patronage, in aid of the Cabmen and 'Busmen's Division of the Church of England Temperance Society, at which Madame Antoinette Sterling, Herr Waldemar Meyer, and other eminent artists will appear, is the first appeal of the kind to the public for help in extending the work amongst this useful and hardworking body of men.

"CHRISTINA"

was played for the last time last Saturday evening at the Olympic. "To the Death" will be produced when the elaborate scenic appointments are completed.

"BOOTLE'S BABY"

will be produced at the Globe next Tuesday by Mr. Edgar Bruce and Miss Edith Woodworth. Miss Minnie Terry will be the Mignon, and the other characters will be played by Miss Webster, Miss Lindley, Miss Woodworth, and Messrs. Maurice, Farquhar, Sugden, and Collette.

THE GENUINE "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."

Fair play 's a jewel. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett will give playgoers an opportunity of judging of the merits of her own "Little Lord Fauntleroy" on May 14 at Terry's. Miss Vera Beringer will be the child-lord, and her sister Esmie is cast for Dick the Shoeblack, a character not included in Mr. Seebohm's version of the story. Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Brandon Thomas, and Mr. Chevalier are in the cast.

"THE OLD GUARD"

reached its two-hundredth performance at the Avenue on Wednesday. A new play, entitled "Church and Stage," was produced there on Monday afternoon by Mr. Walter Reynolds. It was a frost.

MR. WILSON BARRETT

will produce "Ben Ma Chree" at the Princess's on May 17, when the cast will include many of the prominent members of both the Globe and Lyceum companies, as well as Mr. Barrett and Miss Eastlake.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY

arranged to open at the Gaiety on Thursday evening with "The Railroad of Love." "The Taming of the Shrew" is promised in June, with Mr. John Drew as Petruchio, and Miss Rehan as Katherine. Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis accompany Mr. Daly this season.

MRS. BERNARD BEERE

will give three matinées of "Masks and Faces" at the Opera Comique on May 12, 19, and 26, with the following cast:—Peg, Mrs. Bernard Beere; Triplet, Mr. Henry Neville; Mabel Vane, Miss Kate Vaughan; and Sir Charles Pomander, M. Marius. The gavotte which Mrs. Bernard Beere first introduced into the piece will be danced in the second act.

THE BENEFIT TO MRS. LEIGH MURRAY,

which is being organised by a number of the ladies and gentlemen of the theatrical profession, will take place at the Haymarket Theatre on May 9. The programme will include a scene from "Forget-Me-Not," in which Miss Ward, Mr. Vernon, and others will take part; Mr. Irving will recite, Mr. Toole will entertain, Miss Antoinette Sterling will sing, Mr. Hare will play the "Quiet Rubber," and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will perform "Uncle's Will." The bill will conclude with "The First Night," in which Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Lottie Venne, Mr. Tree, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Kemble, and many others will take part.

FASTEST RAILWAY JOURNEY ON RECORD.

The *Devon and Exeter Daily Gazette* announces that the fastest railway journey on record was accomplished on Saturday, by a special train on the Great Western Railway, conveying Miss Nellie Farren and company from London to Exeter en route to Australia. The journey of 197 miles, in which stoppages were made at Swindon and Bristol, was accomplished in three hours and forty-nine minutes, giving an average of fifty-five miles an hour. The last twenty miles was run in considerably under twenty minutes.

## Chips.

CHICAGO has more than a hundred lady physicians.

MADAME ADAM, the editor of the *Nouvelle Revue*, is an inveterate cigarette smoker.

A NEW YORK BUTTERFLY EXHIBITION, which opened a few days ago, included 100,000 specimens.

MAJOR REGINALD CALVERT, Chief Constable for the county of Cambridge, died at Cambridge on Saturday morning.

A BLIND physician of Pensacola, Fla., has a large practice, and is able to find his way, unaided, about the principal streets of the town.

A RARE collection of beetles has been presented to the Corporation of Folkestone for their new Art Museum, just completed at a cost of £7000.

MR. KRUGER has been re-elected President of the Transvaal by an overwhelming majority.

THE lady whom New York rumour names as the prospective Duchess of Marlborough has a yearly income of £250,000. Her late husband left her five millions.

THE Board of Trade have awarded their silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea to James H. Griffin, commissioned boatman of coastguard at Drumore.

THE Admiralty have ordered a Court of Inquiry to investigate the cause of collision between H.M.S. Buzzard and a fishing-vessel, the Alert, off Sheerness.

H.M.S. BENBOW is ordered to be ready for sea by May 8, to take the place of the Thunderer in the Mediterranean Squadron.

A FATAL ACCIDENT is reported from Tredegar. Two masons, named Fred. Baldwin and W. Evans, were engaged in arching a dangerous place at the Sirhowy Colliery, when the roof gave way, crushing both of them to death.

THE LONDON CORRESPONDENT of the *Freeman's Journal* says:—"The fact that the Holy See could have been prevailed upon to commit itself to such a declaration [as the condemnation of the Irish National League's Plan of Campaign] has occasioned intense surprise. Unionists connected with Ireland are too well acquainted with the spirit of the people to delude themselves with the idea that the condemnation of the Plan of Campaign will diminish the force or even arrest the progress of the national movement. It also disposes of the false cry that Home Rule meant Rome Rule, by which they gained many votes at the last election. The correspondent has found a unanimous feeling amongst all members of the Irish party in London that, looking at the political aspect of the pronouncement, while it would not affect the cause in Ireland, it would decidedly improve its prospects in England. There was an equally unanimous expression of regret that the Pope should have come to the aid of a "Government ruled by an Orange gang who have wantonly insulted the priesthood and perpetrated every outrage against the Irish people that the most savage intolerance could suggest."


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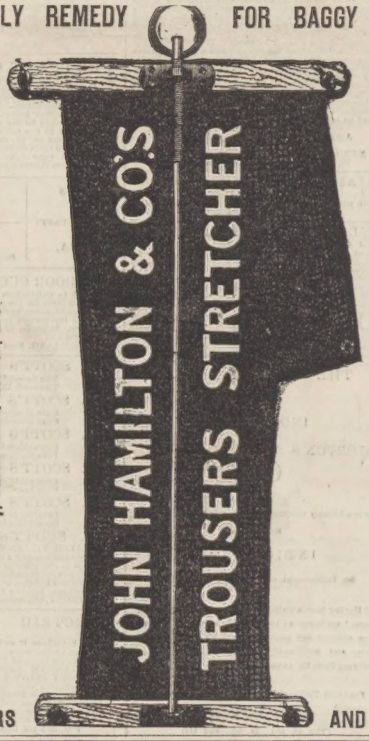


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